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THE TOTEM

COMMENCEMENT

NUMBER---1911

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THE CLASS OF 1911

of the

WINAMAC HIGH SCHOOL.

Winamac High School.

THE TOTEM.

Commencement Number. **1911** Winamac High School.

COMMENCEMENT

The twenty-second annual commencement will be held on the evening of May 12, 1911, at the Vurpillat Opera House. Rev. G. L. Mackintosh will be the speaker of the evening. Rev. Mackintosh is well known in Winamac, having at one time been pastor of the Presbyterian church and a teacher of psychology in the Winamac Normal School.

The diplomas will be presented by Prof. O. C. Kinnick, principal of the High School. The valedictory address, a short talk on "The Teaching of Domestic Science in the Public School," will be given by Carrie Campbell. Opal Taylor, in her salutatory will discuss "Lack of Preparation for High School." Waldemar Huddleston is preparing the class history and prophecy.

The music during the first part of the program will consist of harp solos by ———— Montana of Indianapolis. Mr. Montana is the best harpist in Indiana, and the school has been fortunate in securing his services.

The second part of the program will consist of the cantata "Rebekah," given by the class, assisted by other members of the High School. Miss Mary Blew of Class '10 will have the part of "Rebekah;" Mr. Kinnick will sing the part of Eliezer and Mr. Spencer that of Isaac.

The baccalaureate address will be delivered on the evening of April 30, at the Presbyterian church, by Rev. Peter Birrell. The subject of the address will be "The Noiseless Builders of the Soul."

Names of the Graduates.

Alma Conn—"Suffrage Question of Today."

Jose Mulvaney—"The Social Position of the Educated Woman."

Hazel Murphy—"Crusade Against Tuberculosis."

Ruth Ream—"Adventures of a Counterfeit Dime."

Mary Werner—"A New Era in Farming."

Zola Riggs—"The Mexican Revolution."

Hazel Netherton—"The Growth and Influence of the Rural Route System."

Ruth Stipp—"The Danger of High School Fraternities."

Phalla Riggs—"The Literature of Indiana."

Opal Taylor—"Lack of Preparation for High School."

Eula Ross—"Recent Air Navigation."

Myrtle Mitchell—"Postal Savings Banks."

Carrie Campbell—"Domestic Science Taught in Public Schools."

Sylvia Lowry—"If I Had Aladdin's Lamp."

Beatrice Morrison—"Child Labor in the United States."

Ralph Ewing—"Growth and Influence of Advertising."

James Falvey—"The American Tramp."

Anna Rohlof—"Life of Roosevelt."

Gertrude Gilsinger—"Influence of Inventions on the Laboring Class in the Last Twenty Years."

Waldemar Huddleston — "Class History and Prophecy."

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

(In Memory of Class of 1911.)

Some years ago, though days it seems,
Found some few children then in their dreams.
But as the years went fleeting on
These same few children now have grown.

Of course these children went to school
And studying hard complied with rules
And later tho' they all did say
They'd thank these good old rules some day.

For just as this big world has run
So start these children just begun.
From babes, to school then out to life
Where does exist the worst of strife.

'Tis like some mountaineer begun
To climb a mountain just for fun;
And half way up the mountainside
A log lies o'er a chasm wide.

The day is warm, the sun shines bright,
And so begins his task so light.
But ah! alas! as night comes on
This gloomy darkened chasm dawns.

But no retreat can now be made
And shall he cross it not afraid,
To gain the height for which he strove
Or will he fall to death below?

Just as this man's success hangs now,
So does this young class hang.
"For we are all like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall;
And whether it will heave us up to land
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
We know not and no search will make us know,
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

Hello, Mr. Berry; this is Sara Diffugela.

In Memoriam

Mary Estes Bouslog
Class of 1890
Died March 28, 1911

Willard Flauding
Class of 1910
Died October 19, 1910

CLASS OF 1911.

THE WHITE ARROW

"What do you think Japan means by sending spies over to these islands?" asked Lieutenant White of Admiral Dewey. "They seem to be very anxious about something. I saw several Japs taking photographs of the forts and garrisons the other day."

"I don't know what makes them so inquisitive just now," responded the admiral, "but I fear they are not taking these photos for mere memorials of these islands. Nor are we the only ones who are puzzled concerning their actions."

"Yesterday I saw a Jap come up to Fort Washington in a row boat," went on the lieutenant, "and, judging by the bold and determined way in which he went to work measuring the walls and guns of the fort, he thought he was not in sight of the ship. He went over the walls with some kind of an instrument and, after completing this work, he took some chalk or paint and made various signs on certain parts of the wall. One larger than the rest caught my eye; it was a long arrow which pointed toward the water. This seemed to be the most important because of its size and position."

"Where were all the men at the fort, that he could do all this without attracting attention?" asked the admiral.

"I don't know how he knew that on that day and at that time he would find the fort vacant, as the whole garrison was out target practicing with the other garrisons of the island. It looks suspicious, for he evidently knew this before he came."

"Lower a boat at once and we will go over and see what he has left on those walls," ordered the admiral.

A boat was equipped and in motion towards Fort Washington in an incredibly short time, for the Oregon was one of the most efficient men-of-war on the blue waters.

President Taft had ordered Admiral Dewey, who had been retired, to the Philippine Islands about six months before this event. The admiral was commanded to make a report of the present condition of the navy there, and also to look after the naval affairs of these islands until the Mexican trouble was over. The Oregon had been in the harbor of Manilla for about a week before this occurrence took place. The Japanese had been sending men over there ever since the beginning of the Mexican rebellion (about two years before). At first they had tried to gain the friendship of the natives and Americans. It was not long until they carried cameras under their coats, taking snap-shots of things that would interest their military geniuses. They

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soon became intimate enough with the natives to inquire concerning the number of men, guns and other equipments of the forts. However, the incident of the day before was the boldest manoeuvre as yet discovered by the Americans.

When the boat reached the fort the men there had already assembled and were discussing the meanings of the marks and signs which they had discovered the night before on returning from their practice. The admiral made a careful study of these signs. He found the arrow pointed to the water, which had attracted Lieutenant White's attention. In rowing up to this mark for closer inspection, the oars struck something under the water This something proved to be a copper wire, one end of which was fastened to a hook inserted in the wall of the fort about a foot below the surface of the water, the other to something very firm at the opposite end. The crew followed it to find, if possible, to what it was fastened. To their surprise it led across the harbor directly towards the Oregon. On the other side of the man-of-war they found the wire again.

"Get a diver ready as quickly as possible and see where that infernal wire goes under this man-of-war," ordered the admiral excitedly.

In a few moments a diver had disappeared under the ship. About five minutes later he returned to the surface.

"That copper wire," he began, "is fastened to a cylinder about ten inches in diameter and three feet long. By means of these wires this cylinder is held in place about fifteen or twenty feet from the surface. I could not loosen it with the tools I had, but will get some more, loosen it and examine the contents."

"Not while this man-of-war is within half a mile of it," shouted the admiral. "Man, do you know what that cylinder contains? It answers to the exact description of an arrangement for blowing up the capitol that was being tested by some anarchists in the United States. But they were discovered. If this cylinder is struck by a submarine traveling at a terrible rate of speed, it will cause an explosion that will not leave enough of this vessel to keep as a memento. All hands on deck and get out of this place as soon as possible."

The admiral had hardly said this, when out across the harbor and the ocean, arose a deep hollow roar, as though some great torrent had sprung up from the bottom of the sea and was bearing down upon them. Every second it grew louder and more terrible. Shouts of horror were heard from those on the mighty Oregon, in their anxiety to get from that place. The engines were soon sending the spray and foam behind as they rushed away at the ship's topmost speed.

They saw as it drew near to them that the approaching horror was a submarine. It was going directly to the place where the Oregon had been a minute or so before. It left a white furrow as it rushed madly on to that awful explosive in the cylinder. The men on the Oregon, by

this time a mile away, watched for the results of this collision. Straight to the cylinder, as if drawn by magic, rushed the submarine and with a bound it seemed to jump to its destruction. The instant the submarine struck the cylinder torrents of water were thrown high into the air. Falling in a showery downpour, they left the air full of feathery mist. Even the Oregon gave a bound forward as the explosion occurred.

The men stood staring at each other white faced and trembling as they thought of the terrible death they had just escaped. It was Admiral Dewey who broke the silence by saying:

"We all owe our lives and happiness to Lieutenant White. If he had not seen that Jap when he did, we would all have been blown to pieces. I shall make a report to President Taft concerning this affair and shall see that the lieutenant gets a gold medal as a trophy of his faithful service to the United States and his fellow sailors." And the whole crew responded with a hoarse cheer for Lieutenant White.

DEAN PATTISON '11.

What happened during Senior recitations:

Our principal is a lovely man
But once he made a blunder:
He went to shut the stove up tight
And blowed us most to thunder.

Mr. Kinnick—Hand in your excuse for coming to school today, before you go to class.

AS THE SENIORS SEE THE TEACHERS.

Guess Who's Who.

His eyes are grey, his nose is big,
And his hair—shouldn't wonder but
he wears a wig.

Tall and slender,
Dark brown hair;
You'll know her by
Her accustomed, "Take care."

Dear little girl
Wears no rats;
From Chicago—
What do you think of that?

His hair is black, his eyes are brown,
He's got a graceful poise,
A Grecian nose and swaggering gait
And somewhat avoirdupois.

Shiny black hair
A serious man,
Won't be here next year—
Going to fight Japan.

Learned professor,
Dreadfully 'fraid of germs,
He talks so much about them
It makes a fellow squirm.

Physics Teacher — What causes heat?

Scholar—The motion of molecules.

Physics Teacher—What causes the motion of molecules?

Scholar—Heat.

Physics Teacher—Well, what causes heat and the motion of molecules?

Scholar—Beg pardon, but I can only answer one thing at a time.

REMEBERING DATES.

Mr. Berry has great difficulty in getting the Seniors to remember dates. This is the result:

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In fourteen ninety-two.
We whipped the British fair and square
In fourteen ninety-two;
At Concord and Lexington we kept the red coats on the run—
While the band played, "Johnny, get your gun!"
In fourteen ninety-two.
Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
In fourteen ninety-two;
An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
In fourteen ninety-two.
Ben Franklin threw his kite so high
It drew the lightning from the sky,
An' Washington couldn't tell a lie,
In fourteen ninety-two.
Seniors will henceforth take their que
From fourteen ninety-two.

Miss D. (at Indianapolis, on the balcony of a hotel): Isn't this heaven to look down and see all those men after being in Winamac all winter?

Mr. Kinnick at Indianapolis (while at table): I have always wanted to go to heaven, and I think if I would go to Elizabethtown I'd be satisfied.

What makes your nose so large?

I've kept it out of other people's business and gave it a chance to grow.

QUOTING POETRY.

Miss Diedrich has the Senior commit every poem they study. When asked to repeat them this is what they say—

My beautiful my beautiful
Who standest proudly by
It was the schooner Hesperus
The breaking waves dashed high.
Why is the forum crowded
What means this stir in Rome
Under the spreading chestnut tree
There's no place like home.
If you're waking call me early
To be or not to be
The curfew must not ring tonight
Oh woodman spare that tree,
Charge Chester, charge! On Stanley on!
And let who will be clever.
The boy stood on the burning deck
But I could go on forever.

Mr. Spencer has a very bad cough. He says that he had a cough drop in his mouth for five weeks.

Examination Question—What is meant by the term, "stand patter?"

Answer of an applicant—It means about the same as—you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.

Senior's advice to

Freshman—Ye are green wood; see that ye warp not.

Sophomores—Study and the rest study with you. Quit and you quit alone.

Juniors — Follow in the Seniors' tracks.

THE LYNX

Winter was approaching hard and fast in Ontario, a southern Canadian province. It was now about three months since Ned Harding and his two sisters, Mabel and Helen, had plunged into this wilderness, out of which they carved the hut of unhewn logs and sod roof.

One evening as Ned was slowly plodding homeward to his scanty meal after chopping wood all day, he was surprised to find his city cousin, Sam Alder. Sam intended staying all winter, and besides bringing with him the fine new shotgun which he had just received as a birthday present, he brought a dozen chickens; these would afford them some food in case the wild game grew scarce. Each day while Ned would be cutting wood, Sam would take his shotgun in quest of food; this he seldom obtained, for he never ventured farther away than the sound of Ned's axe; and although flocks of wild pigeons daily flew over, still they seemed to know the exact range of the old-fashioned shotgun and would rise in noisy circles before he got close enough to fire.

"It's high time we had some fresh meat," said Ned, one morning. He took down the large old-fashioned, brass-mounted rifle, and taking deliberate aim against the door sill, fired. The woodchuck that was sitting on a large stump fell backward and lay still. Sam ran to the place and returned in triumph with the animal.

But woodchucks were not the largest game in these backwoods. About one mile from Ned's home was a large, overgrown basswood which had recently fallen and its hollow trunk afforded a sheltering home for the mother lynx and her brood. She was old and gaunt, for a rabbit plague the autumn before had swept off the most of their support; nothing was left for her but the partridges and red squirrels, which were hard to catch. One day she heard a queer voice calling, and upon taking the direction whence it came, hoping that she might find something new for her half-starved kittens, she got many new odors. She soon came to a clear place where there were many weeds and stumps; walking about on a dry knoll were a number of partridges, that is, birds like partridges, only larger and of various colors. All her nature was aroused; the old huntress sank to the earth. She must have one of the partridges at any price; no trick must be untried. She sneaked from stump to stump. Finally a large white bird wandered behind the weeds near by. Five more silent steps and the mother lynx was behind the weeds. She gauged the distance, tried the footing, and leaped straight with all her force. The white bird never knew

CLASS OF 1912.

the death it died; even before the others had time to fly the lynx was gone with its prey squirming in its jaws.

One day Sam had gone without a gun as he only meant to gather some wintergreen berries he had seen. As he came to the place which he recognized by a fallen elm, his eye caught two moving things on the log. They were the head and tail of an enormous lynx, the body being invisible because it was so nearly the color of the log. She had seen him and was glaring and grumbling; under one paw was a white bird that at a second glance proved to be one of their precious hens. How fierce and cruel the brute looked! How Sam hated it! As he stood wondering what to do, the lynx growled more loudly, picked up its victim, and leaping from the log, was lost to view.

On another day he came upon pig-like footprints in the woods. Later he caught sight of a mother deer, searching through the woods, trying the ground for trails. Sam remembered a trick Ned had told him. Making a whistle out of a broad blade of grass, he gave a short, shrill bleat, and the deer, though a long way off, came bounding toward him. He snatched his gun, meaning to kill her, but he desisted when she stopped and looked inquiringly at him. Her big, soft eyes touched his heart, and as she bounced behind a large tree he exclaimed: "Poor thing. I believe she has lost her little one." Half an hour after seeing this lonely deer as he passed the huge basswood, a large creature like a big bob-tailed kitten appeared and looked inquiringly at him. Then a second one that he had not noticed began to play with the first. He had almost raised his gun when a fierce growl close at hand startled him and turning around, not ten feet away stood the mother lynx, fierce, and as big as a tigress. Before he was ready to shoot at her, however, she had picked up something near her feet; the boy got a glimpse of a newly killed fawn; then she passed out of sight. The kittens followed and he saw no more until he was less able to shoot than then.

Six weeks passed until one day Ned arose and went to the woods to work, feeling unusually bad. He came home early and was trembling from head to foot. After several hours he was in a high fever and in spite of all their herbs and nursing the young man got worse. At the end of ten days he couldn't work.

"Say, girls; I can't stand it any longer. Guess I better go home. I'm well enough to drive today. Mother'll have me all right in a week or so."

Half a week had scarcely gone before all three of them, Sam, Helen and Mabel, were taken down with chills and fever.

Soon Sam was the only one able to rise, and one morning when he dragged himself to cut as usual the little slice of their treasured bacon, he found to his horror that the whole piece was gone. He was in despair when his eyes lighted on the chickens in the stable. There were only four

now, and he had only three charges of ammunition left. These four chickens lasted for two more weeks; at the end of this time there was but half a chicken between them and starvation, and no sign of Ned.

On the day of the last chicken Sam was all morning carrying water enough for the fever that night. That night his fever was worse than ever; in the gray dawn he was awakened by a curious sound not far away from his bed, a splashing of water. He turned his head to see two glaring eyes within a foot of his face. Sam gazed in horror for a moment, then closed his eyes; surely he was dreaming. He tried to find his voice but could only mutter.

In the morning he did not know whether it had been a delirium or not but he made a feeble attempt to stop up the hole under the lowest log with some firewood, where the lynx had entered the house. The food that day was flour and water; all the ammunition being gone, he laid the old fish spear by the bedside. That night as before he heard the same splashing of water and saw the glowing eyeballs. He arose and slowly called out, "Helen! Mabel! The lnyx—here's the lynx again!" "May God help you, for we can't," was the answer. He tried to scare the beast away, but it leaped on the table and stood up growling over the useless gun. He struck a match and lighted the pine-root candle, and took the old fish spear, meaning to fight, but he had to use it as a crutch. His knees were smiting together, but he made a feeble lunge toward the brute. It sprang at the same moment, not at him but under the bed. Sam then set the torch on the table and took his weapon in both hands. He steadied himself with a great effort and plunged the spear with all the force he could give it. A hideous snarl came forth. The spear struck something soft and Sam threw all his weight upon the weapon. But at this moment the rotten spear head broke off and the beast sprang out of the window.

Sam fell on the bed and lost consciousness. He lay there he knew not how long, but was awakened in broad daylight by a loud voice, "Hello! Hello! Are you all dead? Sam! Helen! Mabel!"

Sam told Ned the story of how the lynx had visited them, and stolen their bacon and chickens.

"Well, you got even with her," and Ned pointed to the trail of blood across the floor.

Good food, nursing and medicine restored them all. A month later when the girls wanted a new barrel Sam said, "I know where there is a hollow basswood as big as a hogshead."

He and Ned went to the place, and when they had cut off what they needed they found at the far end of it the dried-up bodies of two lynx kittens with that of the mother. By the side of the old one was the head of a fish spear broken from the handle.

—WILLIAM JACKSON '12.

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY.

"Muldoon's Blunders," a farce in three acts, was presented by the Junior class Thursday evening, Jan. 12, at the opera house. Although this was the first attempt of the Juniors in the thespian arts, a large audience joined in commendation of the work of each character. The play was a success from every standpoint, and when the same class gives its final High School play next year, all may expect an evening of pleasure and profit.

Sterling Hedges and Warren Manders carried the house with their Dutch and Irish jokes. Beatrice Hedges won everyone by a practical joke on her father. The count and Juliana did themselves honor also. Widen McGreevy did fine and Harry Parrott made a good preacher. Toby Twilight will become a future Johnson if he keeps in practice.

A large part of the success was due to the ability of Mr. Spencer, who trained the cast.

The proceeds were $101, which was paid on the piano debt and the library fund.

One of the late parties was given March 23 at the home of Miss Laura Noe, where the faculty and Junior class gathered for one of the best social affairs of the year. One of the many events of the evening was the auction of bundles which contained prizes.

Mr. Kinnick says he has a lawyer's hair. How about it?

POPULAR SONGS AMONG THE JUNIORS.

M. M.—Gone But Not Forgotten.

J. W.—Happy is the Miller.

A. H.—Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon.

V. T.—Walk Right In, Turn Around Walk Walk Right Out Again.

R. M.—Nappanee.

P. M.—Pass Dat 'Possum.

H. J.—It Looks Like Rain.

M. H.—Don't Be an Old Maid, Marjorie.

B. H.—Cutie.

W. J.—Mary's a Grand Old Name.

C. L.—Let Bygones Be Bygones.

V. D.—That's What They All Say.

S. H.—Heine Waltz Around on His Hickory Limb.

H. P.—It's Great to be an Actor.

L. N.—He's Nothing to Me.

F. H.—I Have Got Another One.

B. M.—When We Die M-A-double R-i-e-d.

C. D.—Wait Till Berry Time.

E. L.—You Going Down My Way?

F. M.—Take Me Out for a Joy Ride.

R. K.—Where Were You Last Night?

E. S.—Gee, Ain't I Glad I'm Home.

K. H.—Don't Cry, Katie Dear.

Gessiram
Gessirit
Gessiramus
Gessiris.
Teacher—Guess again.

Warren Manders, our class president, quit school and Vern Taylor was elected president in his place.

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THE WIND KNOWS IT ALL

The prairie stretched out before him in an unbroken plain. Miles and miles away toward the horizon he could see a long dark line which he knew to be the great forest, and beyond the dark forest Little Hawk knew that Silver Bell and Singing Bird were awaiting his return in their little log cabin.

The wind arose and blew playfully around Little Hawk and aroused him from his meditations.

"Heap far to go tonight," he muttered in broken English, looking down at some object at his feet, that was nearly covered by the long prairie grass. It was his pony—one of its legs was broken and an arrow stuck in its heart. The unfortunate beast had stepped into a gopher hole and had broken its leg; its owner had put an end to its suffering with the kind but fateful arrow.

The sun went down and with the darkness came the night chill. Little Hawk drew his buckskins closely about him, lifted a bag containing provisions from the ground to his shoulders, and set out with a noiseless step in the direction of the dusky line on the horizon.

Over the great forest the wind shrieked and shook the great oaks and pines as if they had been the merest saplings. It flew from the forest to a little cabin in the clearing, and flung itself with such terrible force against the unshuttered windows that the inmates of the cabin were aroused from their sleep and the cry of an infant arose from within. A light soon shone in the window and an Indian mother could be discerned in the pale radiance rocking a baby in a crude cradle.

The wind was not the only one who peeped through the window and saw the mother croning to her babe. A weary traveler looked through the window and the bright fire in the fireplace seemed to beckon to him. The wind whistled rudely in his ears and a feeling akin to homesickness came over him.

The Indian woman ceased rocking the cradle and listened when the door rattled. Could it be someone knocking? No; it was surely but the wind. But the knock came again, loudly and more imperatively than before.

"Maybe Little Hawk come back," the woman said, so she arose and opened the door. But no; it was not Little Hawk. A stranger, dressed in Indian garments, stood on the threshold and coarse black hair hung down to his shoulders; but for all that face was as refined as that of a white man, and when he spoke he employed the purest of English.

"Good woman, may I spend the night here?" he asked.

"Silver Bell she no make nobody go 'way," the squaw replied, open-

ing the door wide and hospitably bidding her guest enter. The wind became strangely quiet, as if it wished to hear what this man would say to his hostess.

"I am Silver Bell; this Little Hawk's home, and her (indicating the baby) Singing Bird."

"I am Mudwayanshka and I come from the rising sun and I go to meet my squaw. I shkoodah over where the sun sinks in the sea." As he finished speaking the wind burst into a wild and derisive shriek, as if to ridicule him.

"Little Hawk he go to white man's vllage to trade; me not know why he no here yet." A troubled look came into Silver Bell's face as she glanced out of the window into the inky darkness. She had scarcely finished speaking when for the second time that night she was summoned to the door to let in some belated traveler.

"This surely is Little Hawk this time," said Silver Bell, as she unlocked the door. Her supposition was correct, for when she opened the door a tall Indian, dressed in buckskin and bearing a bag on his shoulder, entered. The hostess introduced the newcomer to the guest and Little Hawk gazed intently at the stranger, for the face looked strangely familiar to him.

"If him dressed in white man's clothes, him look like man I trade with in R——," the Indian said to himself. A gleam of recognition came into Mudwayanshka's eyes, and he turned his face from the light. The wind laughed mockingly.

* * * * * * *

About a year before the opening of this story Charlie Wesley had brought his pretty delicate wife to the little town, R——, hoping that the dry western air would revive her health. But "Lily" (for that was what Charlie always called his little golden-haired wife), found that there were other evils in the world than delicate health. There were black eyes and round, rosy cheeks and coquettish manners. These attributes all belonged to Felicia Jefferson. She had come to R—— a short time before the Wesleys did and being somewhat of a stranger in the town, she often spent the evening with Charlie and Lily. Charlie felt fettered as he compared his invalid wife with Felicia, rosy and lively. He became so discontented with his lot that he began to pity himself and blame Lily. The feeling so increased that he almost grew to hate his wife and sought consolation in Felicia's smiles. From a gentle and careful husband he became irritable and careless. This pained Lily's sensitive nature and the work of the western climate was almost undone, and she grew worse again. With the decline of his wife's health Charlie became more unbearable.

Then one day Felicia returned to the city where she had formerly lived and Charlie seemed to forget her, and for one blissful week Lily was happy. But, alas; her happiness was only short-lived. One morning Charlie received a letter and he told his wife that he was suddenly called away on business. He was an agent for a big real estate establishment, and it was

not unusual for him to be called away to inspect some land. Lily asked for some definite idea of the exact nature of the trip, but Charlie seemed uncommunicative.

"Charlie," Mrs. Wesley said on the evening of her husband's departure, "I wish you wouldn't go; I feel as if I would never see you again. Please write to me as soon as you reach your destination so I will feel better about you."

Charlie hesitated a moment by her side. He felt as if he must confess his guilt to the little trusting creature; then he laughed scornfully at his own weakness, and kissing Lily lightly on the forehead, ran quickly down the steps. His wife stood silent and motionless where he left her, watching her husband's figure grow dimmer and finally disappear in the pale moonlight. Then she was siezed with a violent fit of trembling and she grasped the porch railing to support herself, but her strength deserted her and with a faint cry she sank to the ground. A short time later a servant came to the door in search of her mistress, and there on the porch Mrs. Wesley lay as cold and colorless as a dead person. The doctors worked far into the night with her At last she came to, but she seemed wholly indifferent as to whether she lived or died, and lay motionless with closed eyes and a death-like pallor on her face, heeding nothing that took place in the room.

But Lily was not the only heart-sick person. Over west by the big forest in the little cabin home of Little Hawk, a young man was tossing sleeplessly about on his bed. He found it impossible to put his mind at rest, but always before him was the image of two women. One was small and delicate, but when he thought of her another image arose before him, rosy and healthy, with a coquettish expression in her black eyes. At last the man fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamed that he was in the cabin of Little Hawk, but the house seemed to be deserted; it was very dark and the only light was a patch of moonlight on the floor. Something in the room seemed to magnetize his eyes and he was conscious of another presence. He looked over his shoulder and saw Felicia. Her eyes glittered and her body seemed to taper away in the form of a snake. Charlie tried to move, but he seemed rooted to the spot. The wind outside moaned and sighed, and now and anon it whispered:

"Lily."

Presently several doctors came into view bearing a white coffin. When they drew near Charlie saw his wife in the coffin and she was reaching out her hand to her husband. He grasped the delicate little hand and Felicia slunk back into a corner and the glitter went out of her eyes. But the doctors bore the coffin on and Charlie was alone with his tormentor, who hissed like a snake and darted at him. Then he awoke with a start and found himself standing in the center of the room. The wind was whipping a branch of a tree against the roof and Charlie blamed it for disturbing his sleep.

The next morning he purchased a

pony from Little Hawk and rode to O——, the nearest railroad station. When he arrived at the town he sold the pony and then went into a clothing store, and when he emerged from the store he was dressed in white man's clothing. He went to the depot to await the west bound express. It was early yet and he went into the waitingroom. He tried to sit quietly but his limbs were goaded by his conscience and he walked back and forth with quick, nervous steps. Just as Charlie heard the shrill whistle of the coming train, a middle-aged man and woman came into the watingroom.

"It is Col. Wilson; the very man I sold that land to last winter. I hope he doesn't recognize me," Charlie muttered under his breath.

Meanwhile Wilson was saying to his wife: "There is Charlie Wesley. I wonder what he can be doing here. I saw in the R—— paper last night that his wife was very sick."

The train came then and the Wilsons got on it, and a young lady got off. The newcomer was Felicia Jefferson. Charlie greeted her in an indifferent manner, attended to her luggage, then took her to a hotel, where he left her and then went back into town and walked aimlessly about the streets.

"When does the next east-bound train leave here," Charlie asked of an urchin in the street.

"In fifteen minutes," was the answer, and Charlie started in the direction of the station. It was yet morning, and the train would reach R—— some time in the middle of the night.

That night Mrs. Wesley wakened in the middle of the night and called loudly for Charlie. The nurse came quickly to the bedside, thinking that her patient was delirious.

"Don't be alarmed. I just awoke suddenly from a dream," Lily said, as she let her eyes rove restlessly about the room. Suddenly her eyes stopped their wandering and she appeared to be listening.

"Wasn't someone knocking?" she asked.

"No," said the nurse, "it was only the wind, or you dreamed it. Take this powder; it will make you sleep more soundly.

But someone was knocking at the front door. She went through the hall and started to open the door, but as soon as it was unlocked it was thrust aside by someone outside, and a masculine figure dashed through the hall straight into the sick woman's bed chamber. The nurse stood petrified with horror, for who but a madman, or someone equally terrible, would burst into a sick woman's room at midnight in such a manner.

There was a faint cry of "Charlie" and another of "Lily"; then the nurse saw the man fall on his knees by Mrs. Wesley's bedside and bury his face on Lily's breast and weep tempestuously. Lily's white hands stole out from under the coverlet and gently caressed Charlie's brown curls, and a happy, peaceful smile settled on her face

The nurse turned away with tears

of joy and sorrow mingled in her eyes.

* * * * * * *

Silver Bell and Little Hawk sat by their fireside and listened to the wind blowing playfully among the trees. It seemed to whisper softly with hushed breath, but now and again it would laugh softly.

"The wind is very happy tonight, maybe," said Silver Bell. The wind answered her with a little gurgling laugh.

—IVA GALBREATH.

TEN LITTLE STUDENTS.

Ten little students
Going to school in time;
Tuttle heard Ma calling,
And then there were nine.

Nine little students—
And it was getting late—
Roger stubbed his toe,
And then there were eight.

Eight little students—
All would go to heaven;
Ale went the other way,
And then there were seven.

Seven little students,
And Tady doing tricks;
Oh! he lost his balance,
And then there were six.

Six little students,
And they could hardly strive;
Wab laughed out loud,
And then there were five.

Five little students—
And should have been more;
Agnes got mad,
And then there were four.

Four little students—
And Jim climbed a tree;
Sure, he tore his trousers,
And then there were three.

Three little students,
And what could they do;
Fern swallowed her gum,
And then there were two.

Two little students,
And, oh, how they run;
Keplar got his feet tangled,
And then there was one.

One little student,
Going to school for fun.
Wow! See Kinnick coming?
And now there's none.

—DONALD BLEW.

WHY I ALWAYS HAVE MY LESSONS.

First I'll get my German lesson,
  Short and easy to translate;
Drill and English exercises—
  Ought to get that done by eight.

My, but that translation's easy—
  Not much use to read that through,
"Hange an die Wand die Veste!
  Machen sie die Ture zu!"

"You hang his vest upon the wall."
  Simple. What's the next line say?
"You make the doors, too," that must
      mean.
  Wasting time here doesn't pay.

Better get the exercises;
  Those I can't well do in class.
No. I'll write them out tomorrow;
  Guess I'll let my German pass.

Should have brought my English
home;
I'd forget it, try my best.
But I know it is quite easy;
I can read it through at rest.

Algebra! why did I bring it,
When we're having a review?
I'm supposed to look it over,
But I have too much to do.

Dear, oh dear! I'm getting sleepy;
Most afraid I'll have to stop,
And I've got another lesson
Yet to get by nine o'clck.

He assigned ten great, long topics
In Geography, I think,
And I ought to read them over—
All about why boards don't sink.

How the fishes stand the pressure
Of the weight upon their head.
Why can't man make some invention,
To relieve us of our dread?

—MABEL F. SMITH '14

AN IDEAL SOPHMORE. GIRL.

Size of Erma Haas.
Graceful as Edna Conn.
Complexion like Gladys Huddleston.
Hair like Dorothy Manders.
Eyes like Dorrit Degner.
Mouth like Fern Parrott.
Hands like Iva Deck.
Feet like Laura Brinker.
Blush like Curly Hoffman.
Smile like Verda Reinhart.
Witty as Miss Diedrich.
Sing like O. T. Spencer.
Play like Mr. Kinnick.
Chew gum like Miss Stratton.

SOPHOMORE PARTY.

On Friday, Dec. 16, the Sophomores gave a party at which the faculty were guests. Each member of the class having invited a guest, there were about fifty present. The hall was decorated in the class colors of purple and gold. Among the games which were played was a cracker contest between Mr. Kinnick and Mr. Spencer, the former winning. Other games were played in which Mr. Spaulding, Dorrit Degner and Ruth Agnew won prizes.

Refreshments were served and favors on which the class colors were represented were presented to each guest. All enjoyed themselves and they departed at a late hour.

Winston Churchill the young English statesman once began to raise a mustache, and while he was still in the budding age he was asked to a dinner party to take out to dinner an English girl who had decided opposing political views. "I am sorry," said Mr. Churchill, "we cannot agree on politics." "No; we can't," rejoined the girl, "for, to be frank with you, I like your politics about as little as I do your mustache." "Well," replied Mr. C., "remember you are not liable to come in contact with either."

The Junior class is working hard to make the Junior reception one of the most pleasant affairs that the Seniors have ever attended. The reception will be given April 27.

THE TWO DIGGER BOYS

Fay Spaulding and Rollin Gleason were "digger boys," which is to say they were the sons of gold diggers. Fay's father was the foreman of the Gold Dollar mine, and Rollin's father was the superintendent. The Gold Dollar was a placer mine, the surface gravel being torn down and washed through the sluices by powerful hydraulic monitors, the streams from which were many times more powerful than the streams from the nozzle of a city fire engine. The Gold Dollar was located in the heart of the Siskiyou mountain range, in Colorado, many miles from any town or school, and the boys' fathers, not wanting their sons to grow up uneducated, had hired a private tutor to teach them.

"School hours," as the boys termed them, were from eight in the morning till twelve. This gave them all the afternoon to use in outdoor sports—rambling through the forest, operating their placer mine down the creek, panning for gold in the gravel, or riding the ponies along the trail.

One Friday afternoon as the boys returned from a long ramble into the forest, they halted at a newly-made fence, which surrounded a barren strip of ground that lay between the Gold Dollar holdings and the steep mountain side that formed one side of the narrow valley. This strip of ground belonged to Skookum Ike, a trapper and prospector, who lived in a little cabin which stood in a group of laurels near the trail.

Though the strip was known to be "rich diggings," Ike worked only in a desultory manner, by shovel and rocker and other crude methods, taking out only a little gold each winter. He was unable to work it on an extensive scale for the reason that the entire water rights of the creek were owned and controlled by the owners of the Gold Dollar mine. Ike had lived there many years before the Gold Dollar mine was developed, and knowing nothing of the requirements of the law respecting the usages of water, he neglected to file application for water rights and so found himself deprived of all the water of the creek, when he later attempted to work his claim. This embittered him against the company, and when they offered to buy his strip of placer ground, Ike would not sell; moreover, he closed the trail the company had made across his ground in going to and from the trading post. He would not even allow any of the men to walk across his place and would not grant them any favors whatever.

Fay and Rollin had heard much unkind talk about the trapper and knew that there was emnity between him and their fathers, and this was why they now hesitated about crossing his ground. However, they had not

CLASS OF 1914.

seen the old trapper for a few days, and were in hopes just now that he was not at home, for they were about fagged out from their long tramp, and preferred striking straight across rather than following the new road around. Urged onward by their tired limbs and the hope that he really was gone and would not see them, the boys hesitated no longer, but climbed the fence and entered Ike's diggings. Half way across the diggings they came upon the dried and sun-baked sluice, where Ike had worked the year before. This year he had been unable to do anything because of having no water, and his only means of making money was from the skins of animals which he sold at the trading post.

"Poor old Ike," said Rollin, sympathetically, while they paused for a moment to view the almost pitiful methods the old man was obliged to adopt in his effort to wash a little gold from the gravel. "It is really a pity that he can't have a little of the water from the creek. The company could spare him a little and then have enough left for its own use."

"It's his own fault," Fay declared. "If he had treated the company right he would not have been denied the water of the creek."

Rollin was not as hot-tempered, nor as outspoken as his chum, and always had a desire for peace; therefore he merely let the matter drop, knowing that if he continued he would soon be in a quarrel with his friend. He again commenced his investigations of the old-time rocker, in which there still remained a few shovels of gravel. Ike had not returned to cradle this through because the water had given out. Out of curiosity Rollin lifted the old hopper.

"I wonder what sort of riffle he used," said he, quietly raking the gravel to one side of the box. However, his eye was not attracted by the ingenious construction of the riffles, but by a large, dull-lustred and yellowish stone in the gravel. The mere sight of it set his heart to beating wildly, for he had seen other pieces like it, though none so large. He siezed it quickly, at the same time utering a loud cry. It was so heavy that he nearly dropped it on his toes. It was a monster gold nugget.

"Gold! Gold!" both boys shouted exultantly.

"You certainly have struck it rich," Fay added running over to Rollin's side. They handled and fondled the nugget, and guessed its weight and value. They were both of the opinion that it would weigh about six pounds, and that its value was about one thousand three hundred dollars.

"It isn't my strike," said Rollin. "This belongs to Ike. He had shoveled it into his rocker and quit work just before cradling it out. Half an hour longer and he would have found it."

"But you are not going to put it back in the rocker?"

"No; we will take it to him."

"That will be impossible," Fay asserted. "Ike would not let us come near his cabin. He would order us

off his place right now if he knew we were here."

"Well, we will try to get near it anyhow," Rollin said, exhibiting for the first time a determination to be master of the situation, and before Fay could enter further protest, Rollin had struck off across the diggings toward Ike's cabin, and rather than be left alone and also to show his loyalty to his chum, Fay followed after.

They soon reached the cabin and knocked loudly at the door, but they received no response whatever. Finally after peering in at the windows and making sure that he was not at home, they again turned their footsteps towards the camp, fully determined (or at least Rollin was) to come again in the morning.

"He'll be back from the trading post in the morning," said Rollin, "and we'll come then."

"Well, I think you are a big fool," asserted Fay. "You could keep that, and, my lands, the things you could buy with it. Ike never would have found it."

"I know he wouldn't; but it is not mine, and I am going to give it to him," Rollin replied with a determined voice.

That night at camp the boys heard a strange story. A man had returned from the trading post with provisions, and also with good news for the company. While at the trading post he had met an old friend who had told him that he had that day taken a mortgage on Ike's diggings because Ike had not been able to pay his taxes for several years back, and had borrowed money of him to pay them, and had given him the mortgage on the diggings. The company now knew that Ike was at his rope's end, and would soon have to sell out to them.

The next morning the boys arose early and scampered down the trail. In a few moments they reached Ike's cabin, and as they expected the old man had come, but when the boys knocked on the door and asked admittance, he swore at them and threatened to thrash them if they did not go away and leave him alone. They told him that they had good news for him, and begged and pleaded to talk with him, but all was of no avail. They had almost gotten out of patience at him, and were thinking of going back home, when Rollin happened to think of a plan. He took the nugget and held it up to the window-pane and tapped it gently on the glass, which drew the old man's attention. As soon as he caught sight of the gold he quickly opened the door and let the boys come in, giving them a seat by the fire. Then he bade them tell what they wanted. Rollin soon told him how he had found it, and where. During the story the old man sat very thoughtful, and when Rollin gave him the nugget he had tears in his dim old eyes.

"God bless you, boys," he said in a broken voice. "This will bring enough money to pay my mortgage, and will pay my needs for a year. You don't know what a blessing you have brought me."

"That's all right. We just happened to find it in your rocker, and

thought we would give it to you," replied Rollin. The old man was overcome with joy. He invited the boys to stay and partake of his simple fare, and they accepted his invitation.

During the meal the old man startled them by saying: "Boys, tell your fathers I'll sell out to them at their price. I reckon it will keep me the rest of my days. I did intend to hold it as long as I could, for I was at outs with your fathers, but you boys softened me up some way today."

They assured him they would tell their fathers as soon as they got home, knowing it would please and also surprise them greatly. In a little while the boys started home, but before they went the old man made them promise to come back frequently and see him again, for they would be his only visitors.

They did not hesitate to cross Skookum Ike's diggings now, and both boys were whistling merrily as they trudged homeward; for they were messengers of peace; that was enough to make anybody happy; that was Christ's message on earth.

—JULIUS HENRY.

FRESHMAN PARTY.

On Friday evening, Dec. 9, the Freshman class of the Winamac High School entertained their teachers for a few hours in the Pattison hall. The walls were draped in the Freshman class colors of Nile green and maize. Punch and wafers were served in the course of the evning, and many games played in which all enjoyed themselves.

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

On February 13 the members of the Lucky Thirteen Club entertained about thirty of their friends at Keller's Hall. The occasion was the fourth anniversary of that club. The hall was decorated in Valentine hearts and many other suggestive features. Many games were played and prizes awarded. Refreshments were served and all departed at thirteen o'clock wishing the club many other happy anniversaries.

Embarrassing.

Little Kit—I saw you kiss sister Olive just now, Mr. Keen.

Mr. Keen (embarrassed)—W-well, here is a quarter for you if you won't tell anybody.

Little Kit (contemptuously) — A quarter! I got fifty cents last night for not telling on Mr. Rorick.

I wonder who's kissing her now.

And everywhere the Junior went
The Senior couldn't go.
A Senior had a hobble-skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,

Latin.

All are dead who spoke it;
All are dead who wrote it;
All will die who learn it;
Blessed Death! They earned it.

Mr. Kinnick in Eng. III.—Tell something more about Burke.

B. M.—I don't know anything more, only he was married.

THE TOTEM

Published by the Senior Class of the
WINAMAC HIGH SCHOOL

PHALLA RIGGS..... Editor-in-Chief
OPAL TAYLOR.....Assistant
JAMES P. FALVEY..... Business Manager

PRICE 25 CENTS THE COPY.

On the 14th of November the Senior Class held a meeting to decide whether or not The Totem should be published. Every member of the class voted yes, and officers were elected to make The Totem of 1911 one of the best issues that has been printed since The Totem was started. Phalla Riggs was chosen editor-in-chief, Opal Taylor assistant editor, and James P. Falvey business manager.

The officers are here to say that with the help of the entire High School they have succeeded in making the issue of 1911 one to be proud of.

We want to thank the business men who are represented by their ads. for the interest which they have shown in the school.

We also thank the teachers for accepting the extra work which this issue has put upon them without a murmur.

We hope that the Senior Class of 1912 will have equal if not greater success with their issue.

The class, as a whole, wish to congratulate the valedictorian and salutatorian of the Class of 1911 for their great success during the four years of their High School careers.

Last of all we thank our parents for keeping us in school, and promise that we will show our appreciation for their love during our entire careers.

THE TOTEM STAFF SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

OPAL TAYLOR. JAMES P. FALVEY. PHALLA RIGGS.

THE FACULTY

C. E. SPAULDING.

As superintendent, Mr. Spaulding has successfully carried the Winamac High School to the highest standard of its career. Many new subjects have been taken up in the high school, largely due to Mr. Spaulding's influence. He is a graduate from Kentucky and Indiana Universities, and he has been teaching high school subjects a great many years.

CLAUDE KINNICK.

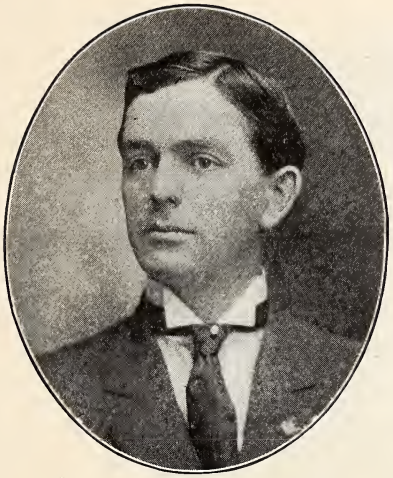
This year has been the first for Mr. Kinnick as principal of the Winamac High School. He has had unlimited success. He graduated from Indiana State Normal in 1902, Valparaiso University in 1906, and from Indiana University, with an A. B. degree, in 1910. He has had six successful years in teaching commissioned high schools.

LOUISE C. DIEDRICH.

The task of explaining German phrases and grading English papers is part of the work of our English and German teacher, Miss Diedrich. She is a graduate from the Louisville Teachers' College, has had eight years of tutor work in modern languages; also several terms of special work in Indiana University, and four years' expeerience as teacher of commissioned high schools.

Miss Stratton comes from Chicago as teacher of Mathematics and Latin in W. H. S. She is a graduate of Vassar College, and has had two years teaching in commissioned high schools.

ETHEL STRATTON.

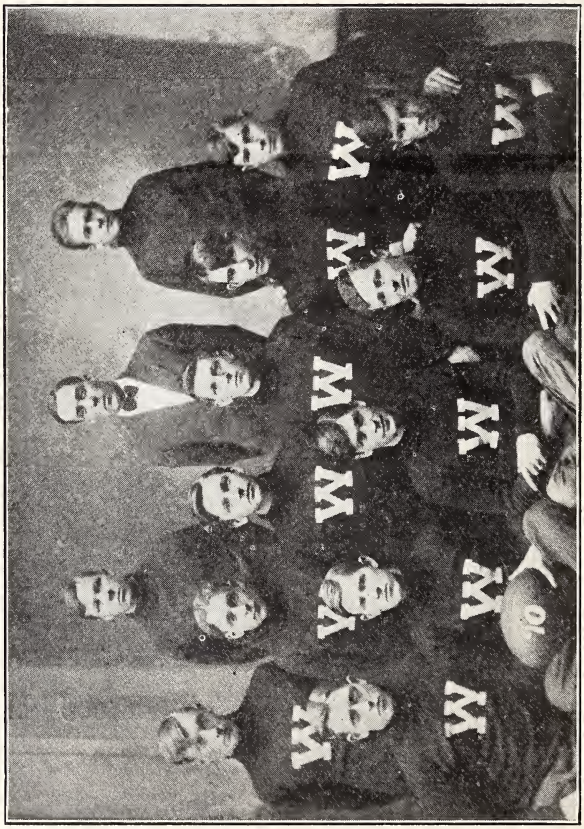


O. T. SPENCER.

The music and drawing work has been successfully handled under the direction of O. T. Spencer of Danville, Ind. He is a graduate of the Danville Central Normal School.

Mr. Berry is the Eighth grade teacher and also teaches a few of the high school subjects. He has proved to be a very able man in his profession. He is a graduate from the Indiana University, and has had one year's work in Indiana College in Liberal Arts.

VIRGIL BERRY.



FOOT BALL TEAM 1910

FOOT BALL

The foot ball season of 1910 was on the whole a great success. The games were well attended and the work of the team was quite satisfactory, having won five out of the seven games played.

At the beginning of the season it looked doubtful if anything like a winning team could be whipped into shape from the the candidates who presented themselves for practice. Most of the men were comparatively new at the game, and it became a question of building an eleven around Captain "Jim" Falvey, Conn, Jenkins, Tuttle and Williams, whose gridiron achievemenets of the previous year had promised great things for the coming season. It was, however, a difficult proposition to get a line strong and aggressive enough to protect the back field players in their speedy formations. Gradually the squad, through constant practice and hard scrimmages, was worked into a well-balanced team. The half-back positions were played by Falvey and Conn, who worked together well during the whole season; Jenkins was a tower of strength in the full-back's position; Tuttle at quarter-back proved himself valuable, not only at passing the ball but in open field running and drop-kicking; the end positions were taken care of by Metz and Williams; at tackle and guard positions there appeared during the season a series of shifts, involving Blew, Galbreath, Henry, Cloud, Parrott and Patterson; the pivotal position was played most of the season by Baker, a little man but with a world of nerve; Fugate also showed up well in the center position in a couple of the games.

In closing let us say that too much praise cannot be given Captain "Jim" and his team-mates for the successful and honorable manner in which they represented W. H. S., both on and off the gridiron, and we predict that they will long be held in the memory of all who love old W. H. S.

Winamac 5—Kewanna 6.

The first game of the season was played at Kewanna on Saturday, Oct. 1. The Winamac team soon demonstrated its superiority over its opponent at every stage of the game. By consistent gains the ball was carried to within striking distance of Kewanna's goal, and Falvey was soon shoved over for the first touchdown of the season. Tuttle failed to make a fair catch of the punt-out and the score at the end of the first quarter stood 5 to 0 in favor of W. H. S.

During the second quarter, when W. H. S. was marching steadily down the field towards its opponent's goal line and another touchdown, several of the Kewanna players, purposely or

otherwise, were so injured that they were removed from the game and town players substituted therefor, over the protests of the Winamac captain and his team-mates.

It was a case of play or forfeit the expense money, and our team chose the former. The final score stood 6 to 5 in Kewanna's favor.

Later the Kewanna team forfeited the game to Winamac.

Winamac 5—Kewanna 3.

On the following Saturday Kewanna played a return game at Winamac. Neither team showed up well and the game was slow and devoid of spectacular plays.

Jenkins played the star game for W. H. S., while Foglesong, quarterback on the Kewanna team, did most of the stellar work for the visitors.

In the second quarter Conn was shoved over for a touchdown. Tuttle made a fair catch of the punt-out, but failed to kick a goal.

Near the close of the game Foglesong made a beautiful drop-kick, thus registering a total of three points for Kewanna.

The final score stood 5 to 3 in favor of W. H. S.

Winamac 15—Star City. 8.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, the team journeyed to Star City, a little town about six miles south of Winamac, and there proceeded to win another victory.

This was really the first important game of the season, and every member of the team was determined to win if possible. Although outweighed, the team from W. H. S. showed vastly superior team work, greater speed and a more thorough knowledge of the game than did their opponents.

Shortly after the game was called, Tuttle, by a run of over sixty yards through a broken field, planted the pigskin fairly between the goal posts and behind the goal line. Goal was not kicked and the score stood Winamac 5, Star City 0. Shortly after play was resumed Star City scored three points by drop-kicking a field goal from the thirty-yard line.

In the third quarter "Marsh" Williams proved himself a wizard at open field running and scored two more touchdowns. Star City also scored in the last quarter of play.

Both teams failed to kick goal and the game ended with the score 15 to 8 in favor of W. H. S.

Winamac 0—Kewanna 28.

It was an unlucky day for W. H. S. when they played Kewanna on the latter's grounds Saturday, Oct. 22. The team was in poor condition; lacked practice, and also several of its best players. Nevertheless the defeat they met was as unexpected as humiliating. The game was marred by much wrangling and taking out of time.

The sad story is best told by the final score, which stood 28 to 0 in favor of Kewanna.

W. H. S. 5—Winamac Town Team 0.

On Oct. 29 the W. H. S. lined up for a practice game against a team composed of ex-high school stars and other foot ball celebrities picked up about town. Although out-weighed

twenty-five pounds to the man, the high school team easily held its own and made consistent gains through the opposing line and had no trouble in skirting the ends.

Metz on a criss-cross and wide end run scored the only touchdown of the game.

The final score was 5 to 0 in favor of the high school team.

Winamac 0—Galveston 26.

On Nov. 5 the team journeyed to Galveston and there met their Waterloo. It was not so much the good playing of Galveston but the poor playing of Winamac that made the score so one-sided.

McDonald, the big tow-headed halfback of Galveston, seemed to be a battering-ram that the Winamac line was unable to stop. He repeatedly tore through for long gains and scored most of the touchdowns. Falvey, Conn and Williams struggled heroically to hold down the score, but their individual efforts, without other aid, were powerless to stem the tide. The heavy condition of the field accounted in a great measure for the poor showing of the Winamac team.

The score at the close of the game stood 28 to 0 in favor of Galveston.

Winamac 26—Star City 0.

Though the team was defeated by Galveston they emerged from the conflict "not crestfallen but courageous, defeated but not routed," and in the terminology of the athletic world, "came back" and took the one game of the season from Star City at Winamac on Thanksgiving Day.

Never did a team train more faithfully and never was a team more physically fit than the one that went forth to battle for the glory of W. H. S. on that memorable day.

This was the one game of the season and a victory meant not only the defeat of their old time rivals, but the foot ball championship of Pulaski county.

It was an ideal day for the game, and a large crowd of enthusiastic rooters attended.

From the kick-off to the close of the game it was evident to all that the Star City team was outclassed. The Winamac line was impregnable and their interference on end runs was the best ever exhibited by a local high school team. Long forward passes, line bucks, slashing end runs were reeled off in rapid succession. And they all seemed to work successfully, for Star City was completely bewildered by the whirlwind style of play.

Tuttle, Jenkins, Williams and Conn made touchdowns, while Tuttle added to the score by kicking three goals and successfully booting over a pretty drop-kick from the thirty-five-yard line.

When the referee's whistle closed the game and the foot ball season of 1910, W. H. S. had piled up a total of twenty-six points to their opponents' nothing.

The bright particular stars for W. H. S. were Falvey, Conn, Jenkins, Tuttle, Williams, Blew Baker, Patterson and Henry.

Thus ended the foot ball season of

1910, one of the most brilliant in the annals of W. H. S.

And now in closing let us say a word in praise of the student body and the faculty who so loyally supported the team throughout the season, and especially is praise due to our bunch of enthusiastic girl rooters, who cheered the team on to victory on many a hard-fought field.

And may every student of W. H. S., on beholding the glorious banner above the entrance to the assembly room, recall with pride the achievements upon the gridiron by the team of 1910.

Warren Manders entertained the Junior class at his home on South Monticello street. All enjoyed the pleasant evening.

Miss Fanette Miller entertained the Juniors in honor of Miss Mazie Mullins, who moved to Crown Point.

There are five reasons why I can't get married.

What are they?

A wife and four children.

What makes you so crusty this morning?

Had a loaf of stale bread for breakfast.

That girl of yours is a sweet kisser.

How do you know?

O, I had it right from her own lips.

Voice from upstairs—Ione!

Ione—Yes, papa.

Voice—Please tell that young man if he thinks he would like this house for a permanent residence, the place is for sale on easy terms at the office of Biddle & Wendt, the real estate agents.

SONGS BY SENIORS.

We're here because we're here.—Ralph.

I don't know.—Bee.

We are just alike in everything.—Alma and Hazel.

It's all in a lifetime.—Jim.

I want to sp—study.—Sylvia.

I am delighted with myself.—Carrie.

I love to laugh.—Ruth S.

Isn't it great to be a Senior?—Phalla R.

It is satisfaction to be educated.—Zola R.

I am in favor of the "big-four."—Hazel N.

I care not for love divine.—Ruth R.

I want to vote.—Jose.

I'm here to stay.—Arna.

I want to teach.—Gertrude.

Trust thyself.—Mary.

I love to love.—Waldemar.

Close don't count.—Opal.

My sweetheart is a girl.—Myrtle M.

My laugh don't crack.—Eula Ross.

Eng. III.—Stormy weather (Loose window).

Mr. Kinnick (shivering)—I guess I'll have to move away from that window or the doctor will cash that draft.

Tramp—Will you give me a few pennies for a bed?

Goldstein—Certainly; vere is de bed?

CUPID AT VASSAR.

At the Vurpillat opera house on the evening of February 22, the Senior class of the High School presented a very pretty little college play, "Cupid at Vassar," to a capacity house. Because of the numerous requests from those unable to obtain tickets for the first performance, the play was repeated on March 17.

Much of the decided success was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Spaulding, who not only chose the characters with the most excellent judgment, but also trained them with such unceasing vigilance that the play was pronounced the "best ever."

The parts were all very ably filled and the cast, which read as follows, was well balanced.

Wanda, daughter of Mrs. Carroll.. ..... Gertrude Gilsinger.
Mrs. Carroll of Great Falls, Vermont..... Opal Taylor
Shiny, the colored boy..... .....Glenwood Tuttle
Hank Gubbin, the "hired man"... .....Waldemar Huddleston
Sally Webb, Kate's roommate at Vassar .....Zola Riggs
Helen Conway, a freshman..... .....Hazel Netherton
Kate Newton, a half-sister to Wanda .....Josie Mulvaney
John Willett, a young architect.... .....Ralph Ewing
Amos North, a country youth, of North & Son, bankers.James Falvey
Patty Snow, Mattie Hart, Alice Worth, college girls..... .....Beatrice Morrison, Sylvia Lowry, Carrie Campbell
Miss Page, matron of dormitory, and chaperon for Kate's party.. .....Phalla Riggs

The music consisted of three songs, "America to Her Children," "Hope," and "My Country," by the pupils of Room Five, and several piano selections by Mildred Hathaway, added much to the already interesting program.

With seventy-six dollars of the proceeds the Seniors purchased for the library "The New International Encyclopaedia" in twenty-two volumes. This gift, their class gift to the school, will certainly serve to fix in the memory of "the dear old High" the Class of 1911.

LOCALS.

Some people like two-steps, others waltzes; but The Totem manager knows at least one person who would rather have a March.

Great large peaches grow on some of the trees on Pulaski county farms. Only one can be canned in a half-gallon can. Some peaches.

We know that Wat Huddleston went to church on at least one Sunday night this winter. There was a reason. Ask Sylvia.

Eula Ross has the cutest laugh of any one in school. The peculiar part about it is that you can't see it, but it's there just the same.

Some of the girls think it would be awful nice if their fellows lived in town. But they don't.

Miss Diedrich said that she could be mean enough to plunk some of the Senior German students, but we don't believe it.

The Latin teacher called on a little boy to give the present indicative of a certain verb. He did not know what it was, so he asked his neighbor, who said, "Darned if I know." So the litle boy started recitation: "Darnedifino, darnedifinas," etc.

Miss Stratton—"Donald, if everybody in the school room chewed gum but you, what would you do?"

Donald B.—"I would put a slot machine in the hallway."

Mr. Kinnick—Charles, stand on your own feet; they are larger than anybody else's.

Gladys H.—Mr. Kinnick, where can I find happiness?

Mr. Kinnick—You'll find it in the dictionary.

The field meet held here April 22 between the Winamac and North Judson high schools resulted in a victory for Winamac by a score of 68 to 49. North Judson won first place in the 50-yard dash, the half-mile run, the mile run, the 120-yard hurdle and the standing high jump. Winamac took first in the 100 and 220-yard dashes, the discus throw, the shot-put, the 220-yard hurdle, and the running high and broad jumps. The 440-yard dash was a tie. Second and third places were divided, a little in favor of Winamac.

JOKES.

Why should a young man never raise his straw hat to a lady?

Because it's never felt.

Are you a judge of horseflesh?

No, sir; I prefer beefsteak.

What's the difference between a lemon and a mule?

I don't know.

You would be a nice one to send after lemons.

My coat feels black.

Get out; you can't feel color.

Didn't you ever feel blue?

A man wants a lot of sand to go up in a balloon, but he doesn't need any to come down.

I came near selling my shoes today.

How's that?

I had them half-soled.

What makes a lamp chimney smoke?

Because it can't chew.

What's the difference between a a jeweler and a jailer?

One sells watches and the other watches cells.

There was a fire in our house the other night.

Get out!

I did.

What's the best thing out?

An aching tooth.

Do you want something swell?

Yes.

Put a sponge in water.

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Calendar for 1911—Third Term will open March 7, 1911; Fourth Term, May 30, 1911; Mid-Spring Term, April 4, 1911; Mid-Summer Term, June 27, 1911. Thirty-ninth Year will open September 19, 1911.

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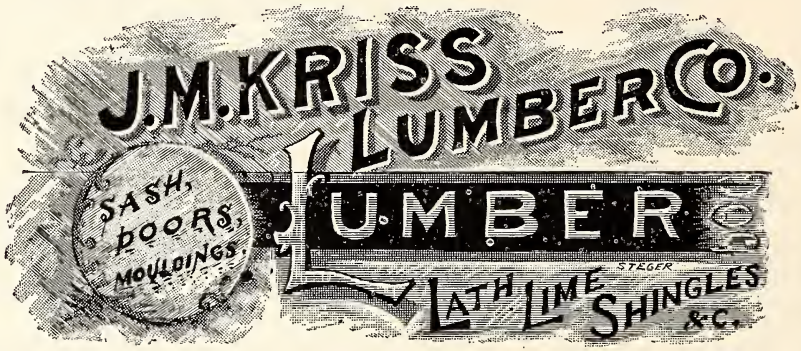
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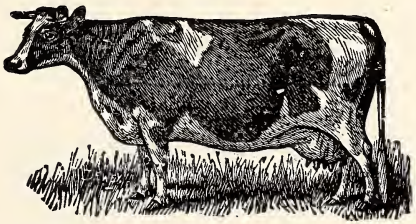

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